The Sketch

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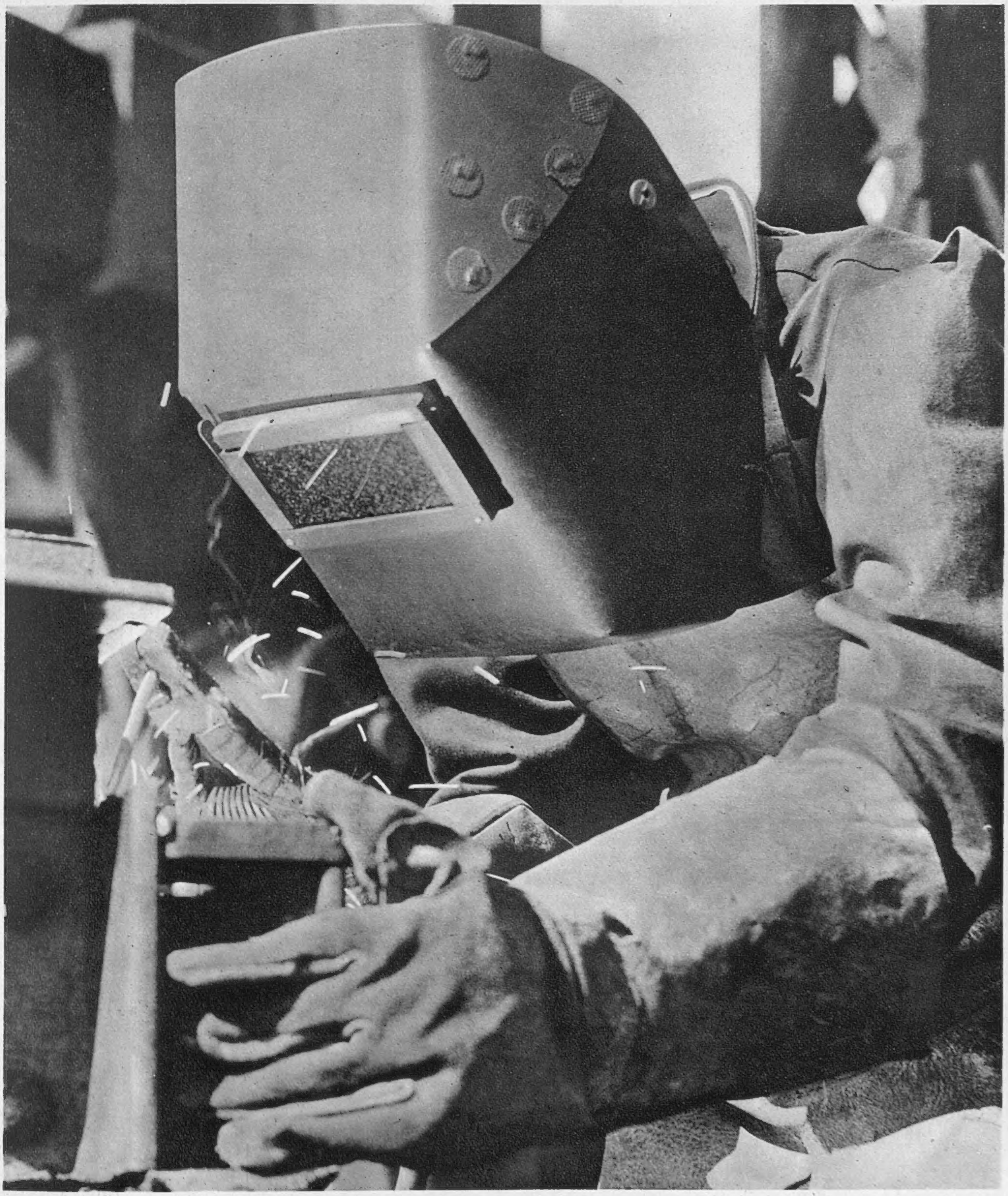


PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG WOMAN OF 1943.

This grim, determined, Wellsian mask conceals the charm of a GIRL ACETYLENE WELDER *hard at work in a shipyard, guarded against the sparks that fly as she plies her trade. Splendidly the girls are crowding to the yards—more and more every month—to release men for the fighting fronts. Electric welding and wiring, riveting, painting and french polishing are just a few of the skilled trades in which they are lending a hand.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP

The Dorces 6urrende7.

A long strip of white, or near-white, paper. A lot of little blue letters appearing on it as if from nowhere, but actually operated by a Hidden Hand many miles away. Stock Exchange prices, mysterious jumbles of cabalistic signs, described as "testing," communiqués, rumours, unofficial spokesmen, Stockholm, Berne, "add Roosevelt," Black Market fines—and, in the middle of it all, quiet, modest, almost diffident, the simple words: "Italian armed forces have accepted unconditional surrender. The Italian Government has surrendered unconditionally. Official." Actually, this world-shaking announcement was not exactly as I have stated it. What I read, to be quite accurate, was: "Italian armed dorces have accepted unconditional surrender. The Italian Government has surrendered unconditionall6."

"Why not leave her a shilling? I'm sure ten per cent. of four-and-sevenpence-ha'penny is far too much!"

DRAWN BY PITTS.

For once, the operator's British calm had deserted him (or her). I think his (or her) finger must have trembled as it struck the keys. I will not reproach him (or her). Anyhow, by a brilliant and instantaneous deduction, I inferred that the Italians had laid down their arms and that Badoglio was not arguing. I seized the nearest fellow-member by the arm, haled him (not unwilling) to the smoking-room, and behaved appropriately. A phase of remarkable co-operation and reciprocity then followed.

How History is Written.

Thus do great events register themselves on history, in little blue letters, in the midst of a lot of other little blue letters, on vague yards of paper. I wonder what the first reports of the Battle of Waterloo were? "It is stated that the Duke of Wellington yesterday won an important engagement at Waterloo against the forces commanded by Napoleon Bonaparte"? Something like that, I dare say—certainly not: "The course of European history has been changed." It is only Führers who are so confident that they are changing history "for five thousand years." Still less was the official report: "A damned close-run thing, by God!"—though that could probably be said of many of the Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World, of which there was no newspaper or telegraph report whatever, but only the judgment of posterity and the inexorable march of history.

"Ah, this makes me feel like a new man!"

DRAWN BY KAY.

Bells and Bunting.

This is no Waterloo, and no wise person thinks of it as such; but it *may* be the prelude to an earlier Waterloo than we had imagined, and it *is* certainly the prelude to an ultimate Waterloo. It seemed to me that London took the news calmly, and I was glad of it. We have learned by experience, even if our prudence did not warn us against it, the folly of "mafficking." I think that a deep, yet cautious, thankfulness, rather than hysterical rejoicing, was the prevailing mood. But I was happy to see that one club in Pall Mall immediately exhibited a long line of the flags of all the United Nations. It makes an impressive, as well as a picturesque, display—and surely not inopportune at this moment. It would be a salutary experience for the World-Conqueror to stand and study it for a while, and also to take note of the remarkable variety of uniforms not only in London, but everywhere in

"It's impossible to get on the damn trains with all these people going home for their holidays!"

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

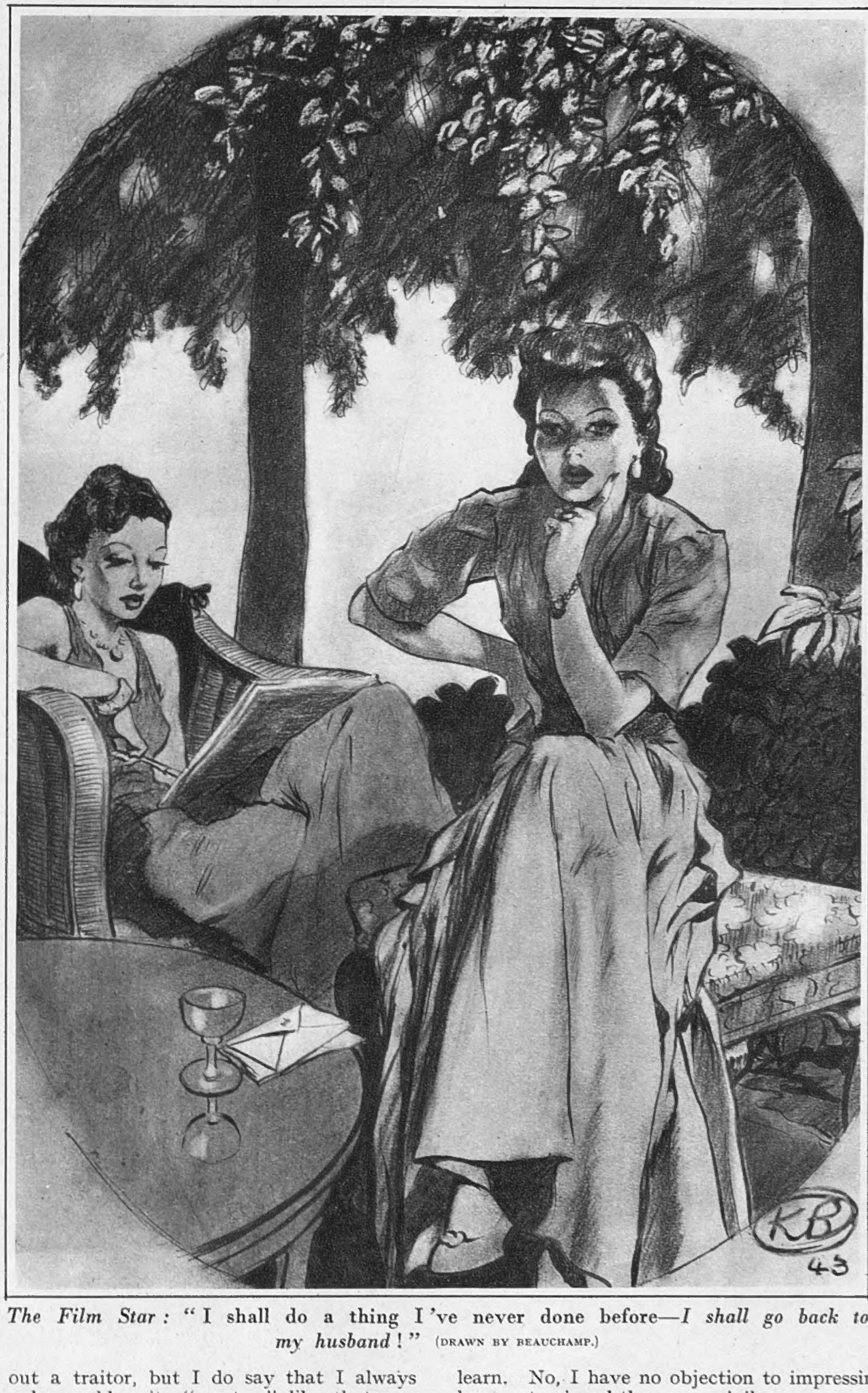
TWELVE OLD LETTERS MAKE A CASE FOR CARTRIDGES. TURN YOURS OUT.

England. Curious, is it not, how obstinate and unreasonable nations are? You set out to subjugate them all, *only for their own good*, and then they all rise against you! As a friend of mine said to me the other day: "The trouble with these belligerents is that they have no tact." He had just completed a radio-script when Italy fell, and he had to rewrite the whole thing in an hour. He was very much annoyed.

Poison and Poetry.

War, in fact, seems to have no consideration for anybody, and when one learns that Lord Haw-Haw, owing to the tactless proximity of a British bomb, swooned away in the Haus des Rundfunks (and you can place the accent where you like)—when one hears that sort of thing, one can only say that things are coming to a pretty pass. I have not heard this well-known variety artist for many moons, and I don't know anybody who has, nor can I imagine that anybody ever would, except in desperation at some of the B.B.C. programmes. But he is a very interesting example of the fallacies of German psychology. I do not suppose that either this creature or his masters will ever understand how utterly impossible it was for a man with a voice like that, and a "radio poisonality" like that, to produce any effect except derision upon the British public. I see that another of the same kidney, the bard Ezra Pound, has been proscribed by the American Government, and I suppose he will be (most justly) demanded from the Italian authorities. Well, I won't say that I always knew that he would turn out a traitor, but I do say that I always thought that a man who could write "poetry" like that was capable of anything.

850 Varieties. Having written some hundreds of words of these Notes, I am wondering whether I ought not to begin all over again and translate them into Basic English. Flatly, I am not going to do it, and they can prosecute me, if they like. I say with all humility—though I don't want to press the comparison—that what was good enough for Shakespeare is good enough for me. Did *he* use 850 words? I always understood that he used about 20,000. Now, in the course of a mis-spent life, I have written considerably more than Shakespeare. Yes, that is a fact, though you will understand that, at the moment, I am referring to quantity rather than quality. In the circumstances, I absolutely refuse to be limited to 850 words. The Greek language was the most marvellous vehicle of expression yet invented by man (though, curiously enough, it did not include the word "triphibious," which was reserved for that eminent philologist, Mr. Herbert Morrison); but if you had asked Homer, Æschylus or Sophocles to confine himself to 850 words, in my opinion he would have been annoyed, as Mr. Damon Runyon would say, more than somewhat.



The Film Star: "I shall do a thing I've never done before—*I shall go back to my husband!*" (DRAWN BY BEAUCHAMP.)

Mr. Churchill and I.

I will make Mr. Churchill an offer—nay, if it did not sound disrespectful, I will call it a challenge. When he is prepared to *speak* deathless English prose on a basis of 850 words, I am prepared to *write* deathless English prose on the same terms. I defy him to do it. But, then, he (or his Deputy Acting Assistant Secretary) may reply that we are not here concerned with deathless English prose, but with a convenient means of expression for foreigners who are unfortunate enough to have learned other languages at their mothers' knees. I have no objection to that, though I am astonished to be told that English, even when reduced to 850 words, is actually easy for them to learn. No, I have no objection to impressing on foreigners, who have not enjoyed the same privileges as myself, the advantages of my native speech over their curious and unnecessary *patois*—so long as it is understood that this attenuated Volapuk is not *English*, but merely a concession to backward peoples.

Rhyme and Reason. I have never seen any sense in trying to regard language and grammar and spelling as *rational* things. They are no more rational or logical than the construction of the human body, which I understand

[Continued overleaf.

Continued.]
has evolved through a considerable number of stages, or the cast of features either of an individual or of a nation. These are things which, like Topsy, just grow. Nobody knows how or why they grow as they do; but is there any advantage in trying, by "simplified spelling" and similar devices, to suppress or forget the whole of their erratic history? It is equally irrelevant to complain of the inconsistencies of pronunciation, for which our language is notorious. There is not, and there never has been, any logic about pronunciation; it is all a matter of use and wont, and it constantly changes with that same use and wont. But there, there!—let me not shoot peas at persons so eminent (though in somewhat different ways) as Mr. Churchill and Mr. George Bernard Shaw. I repeat that I am all in favour of bringing the blessings of the Anglo-Saxon language to unenlightened foreigners; I can imagine nothing better for "reconstruction," as I see it; but I do hope that this is not a prelude to any attempt to "rationalise" all our language.

"Good morning, Moddom, and what ridiculous request has Moddom this morning?" (DRAWN BY MACDONALD.)

Damned Spot. I am inclined to think that some of these revolutionary suggestions are due to the peculiar behaviour of the sun, which, so far as I know, is not capable of rationalisation. I have been reading a "story"—I don't think it quite reaches the status of an "article"—which maintains that most of the major events in history (including all wars) are due to spots on the sun. Indeed, the theory goes far beyond this, because it claims that sun-spots probably account for all sorts of puzzling things, not quite so important as wars—for example, the growth of trees, the variation of vintages, plagues of foxes, lynxes and rabbits, and economic crises. If your shares slump, it is probably due to one of these nasty outbreaks on the sun, and it won't be much use saying to your broker: "Out, out, damned spot!" He will merely think you rude and close your account. Well, for many centuries not only the ancients but the comparatively moderns believed that the planets had a great influence on our lives, and we all know what the moon can do to us. It is unkind of the sun to take a hand, too, but I fear the fact is that our whole existence depends upon this orb. Sir William Beveridge should produce a Plan about it.

Fingers Were Made Before Spoons. Strange and unexpected are the forms which the hardships of war may take. I am very much struck by the present dearth of spoons. I do not know whether the sun has anything to do with this crisis, but it is certainly acute—though I hope that in saying so I am not giving further evidence to the Herr Doktor of the desperate pass to which the war has reduced us. He need not gloat too much, because, as a matter of fact, all it amounts to is that the spoon is now shown to be a quite unnecessary refinement of civilisation. The best people still refrain from stirring tea with the forefinger, but one becomes very expert with the handle of a fork (and there are still forks, dear Josef!). If nicely brought up, we long since learned to dispense with the spoon for our pudding (yes, there is pudding, too, Joe!); but soup, I admit, does present a problem, and it is not easy to consume Scotch Broth through a straw. Still, one is getting on.

"My son here says the war can't last for ever."

DRAWN BY FITTS.

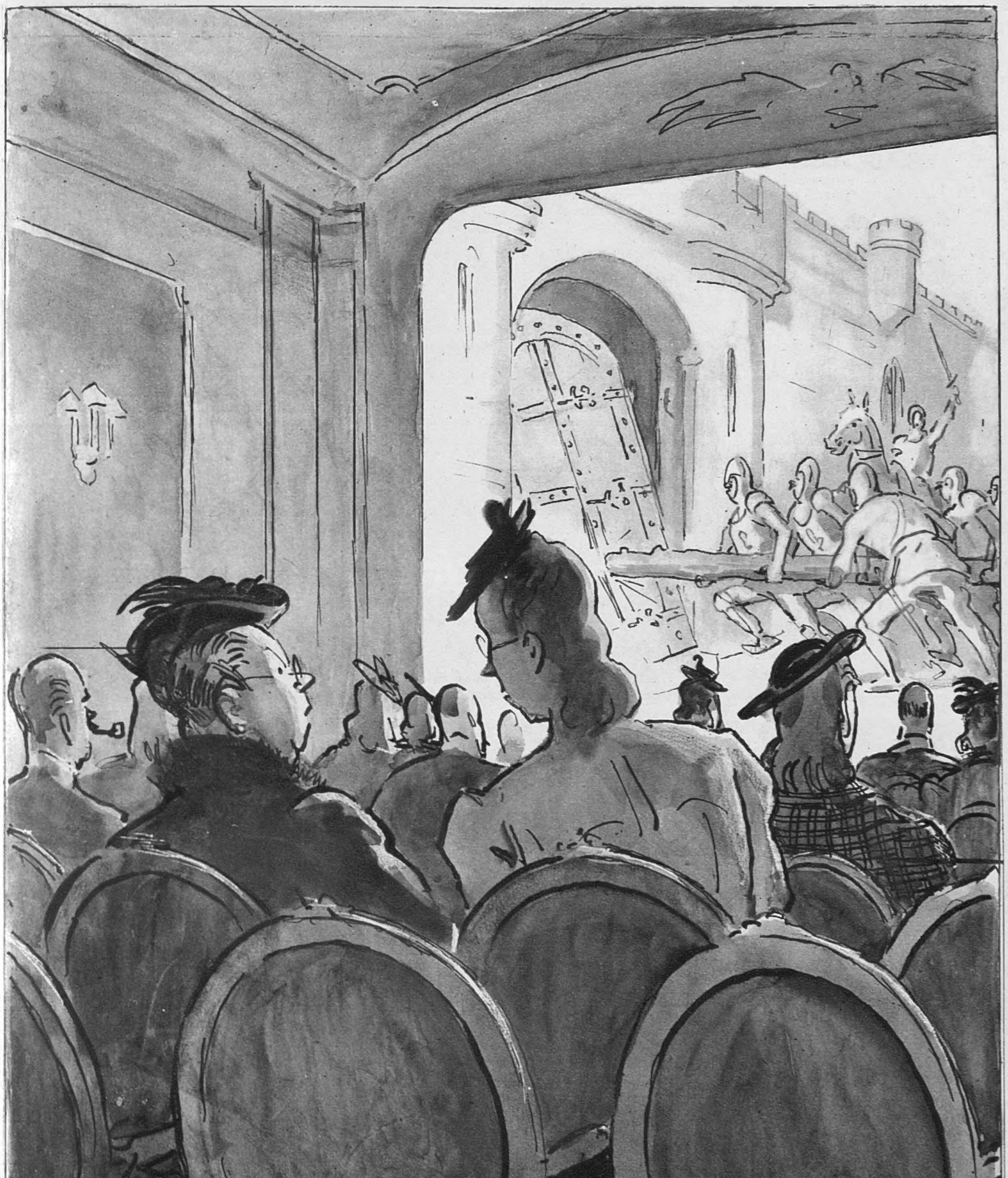
Vintage Bun. Unless my eyes have deceived me, there is one commodity which has never flagged or faltered throughout this war. I refer to buns, and I wish to say a few words on this important subject, to which, up to the present time, philosophers and economists have done less than justice. Lawyers have appreciated it at its true value, because most of them are acquainted with a famous case in which an unsuspecting bun fancier took a hearty bite at his bun and ground his dentures on an embedded stone. The results were highly profitable to the legal profession, and ever since then the Law Society has no doubt been trying to induce the Bakers' Union to manufacture buns with pebble centres. We have not quite reached that stage, even in war, but I have been reading about a distinguished and venerable bun which was originally baked for the wedding of the Prince of Wales in 1863, and then, carefully preserved, reappeared at the Jubilee in 1887. Chemical analysis shows it to be particularly rich, in 1943, in riboflavin, or Vitamin 2—far richer than any modern, upstart bun. The cause is thought to be its abundance of barm, froth or yeast. When selecting your bun from the older vintages, look for a barmy, frothy or yeasty year.

"You may have been *prima donna* at Covent Garden, but you're just plain A. C. W. Cappriobanalli to me!"

DRAWN BY STARKE.

Edentate. Side by side with this high-spot of buncraft, I read of the virtues of "edentulous" eating and of the coming of "edentate" (or, in Basic English, toothless) man. Well, we all know that life would be happier without teeth, but will somebody please tell me how edentate man proposes to deal with an 1863 bun?

The seventy-second of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

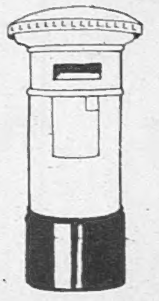


"BY THE WAY, DID YOU REMEMBER TO BRING THE FRONT-DOOR KEY?"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—Since last I wrote, we have had a Dogs' Jamboree here in aid of the Red Cross. For a week before I spent all my spare time brushing Perry and polishing him with a velvet pad, and I must say that on the day of the Show, with his yellow collar and lead, he looked very fine indeed.

Lady B. was waiting for me at the bottom of the hill with Fay, who was washed and brushed and smelling of scented soap. She wore a tiny blue bow on the top of her head. Faith was there, too, for she was on the Committee. She is often asked to do this kind of thing, because she adds to the beauty of the scene. The Conductor, among others, came to look at Faith.

Perry, I was delighted to note, was in one of his pleasanter moods, neither sulky nor "Old Dog," but prancing along on his neat little feet, and giving Fay some very meaning looks from time to time out of the corner of his eye. Perry loves to show off in front of Fay. Nobody quite knows what Fay's reactions are, as her eyes are hidden behind her flaxen, spun-silk hair, but Lady B. says she is crazy about him.

It was a lovely afternoon, and the Savernacks' garden, where the Jamboree was being held, was full of people. We noticed with pleasure that there were many side-shows, and a placard at the gate announced that Madame Zanana would tell fortunes in the Summer House for half-a-crown a time.

"Mrs. Savernack's word of command."

Event I. was The Dog With The Longest Tail (in relation to its body). This was a dead snip for Perry, who had entered for this class in several Dog Jamborees, and in spite of a bald tip, never failed to take first prize. I led him proudly into the Ring, and the first thing he did was to take a dislike to a harmless and very fat Spaniel and set up a fierce growling.

"Keep that dog in order, please," said one of the Judges, whom I at once began to hate as violently as Perry hated the Spaniel. Faith said afterwards that our glaring expressions were identical, and she offered, then and there, to give an extra prize for the Dog Most Like Its Owner.

Perry gave a snarling bark and strained at his lead. "If that dog doesn't behave himself, he'll have to be taken out of the Ring," said the Judge.

"Shut up, Perry, you fool!" I said, and gave him a tiny tap with my finger.

Perry at once became "Old Dog." When it was his turn to be judged, he stood on the table trembling all over, and with his nose an inch from the ground.

"It's a shame to bring a poor old dog like that to a Show," said a man in the crowd.

"Perry, *darling*!" I whispered.

But Perry still drooped and kept his tail tightly curled underneath his stomach. Of course, I *could* have pulled it out, but I had a feeling that if I did I would be prosecuted by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, so I lifted him off the table and prepared to leave the Ring.

As soon as he felt his feet on the ground, Perry forgot to be "Old Dog," and pranced off with head erect and tail in the air. "Well, I'm damned," said the man in the crowd.

The next event was The Dog With The Most Bewitching Eyes. Lady B. and I entered Fay and Perry more as a generous gesture towards the Red Cross than anything else, for nobody, except Lady B., who brushes her, has ever seen Fay's eyes, and Perry's expression has never been his strong point. Indeed, he glared at the Judges with such cold dislike that they recoiled from him in horror, and I heard one say that if there was a Booby Prize for that class he'd know where to give it.

Not even my loyalty to the Red Cross could make me enter Perry for The Dog Most Obedient To Its Owner, but he and I found a nice little place in a sunny corner where we could admire Mrs. Savernack's word of command and the obedience of her Scottie, who got first prize.

After that it was The Best Groomed, Cared For And Kept Dog. This was the big event of the day as far as Lady B. and I were concerned, and we led Fay and Perry into the Ring, our hearts thumping with excitement.

There was a big entry for this event, but one by one the Owners left the Ring until only Fay and Perry were left. When they stood side by side on the Judges' table and licked each other's noses, there was a burst of applause from the crowd.

"These dogs are both personal friends of mine," said Faith, who felt quite unable to face her responsibilities as a member of the Committee, and she left the Ring and went and sat with the Conductor.

"Nice condition," said the Judge, running his hand down Perry's black satin back. "What's his age?"

I held up ten fingers and then four.

"Ah, doesn't like it mentioned," said the Judge in an understanding way, and I wondered how I could ever have disliked him. Then I saw him staring at the bald patch at the tip of Perry's tail, and I knew that all was lost.

Lady B. was quite upset about taking the prize from us, but later Perry and I walked away with Faith's Special, "Dog Most Like Its Owner," and she felt better about it.

We nearly won the Dog Race (Owner To Run Backwards), too, but just at the finish Perry caught sight of the Spaniel and twisted his lead round my legs. Some people fall elegantly and gracefully—I am not one. When I got back to my chair, Lady B. said, "Fancy those knickers lasting all this time. Didn't you get them before the war?"

"They stood side by side on the Judges' table."

Faith and I had to wait in a queue until our turn came for Madame Zanana, the Fortune-teller. Faith went in first and was closeted with her for a long time. I was just beginning to wonder whether it was worth waiting, even to hear that Bill was going to get a D.S.O., when she came out, her cheeks bright pink and her eyes shining.

"Was she good, Faith?" I said.

"Marvellous!" said Faith, and rushed away. I saw her take the Conductor into a corner of the rockery and kiss him, but there was no time to reflect on this peculiar behaviour, for it was my turn for Madame Zanana, and I knocked at the door and went in.

Madame Zanana was a delightful, apple-cheeked old woman. As soon as I sat down, she said, "You baint a married woman, be you, my dear?"

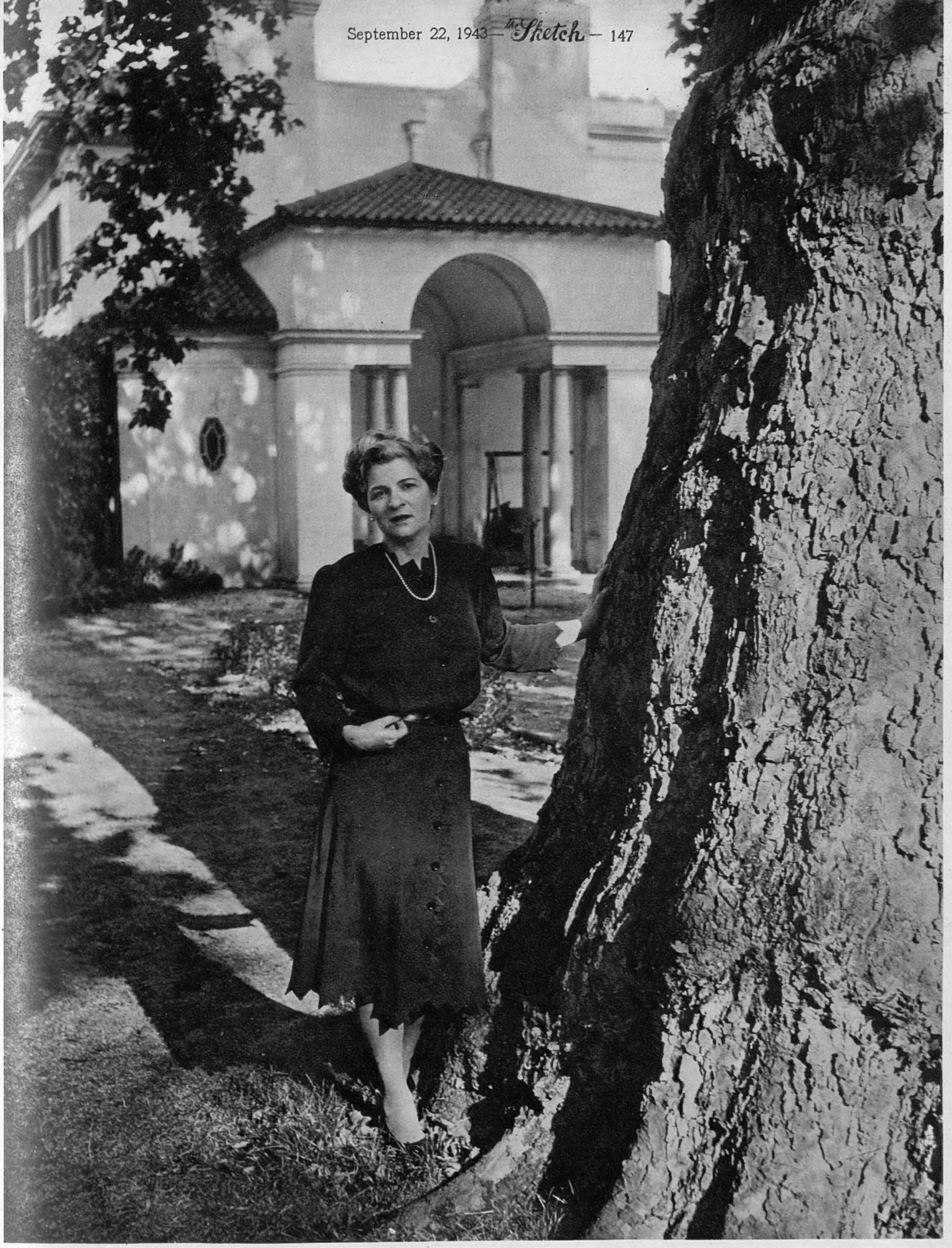
Before I had time to reply, there was a knock at the door and Mr. Savernack walked in and said, "What do I owe you, Madame Zanana?", and the Dogs' Jamboree was over, and that was all I got for my half-crown.

But what *do* you think Madame Zanana told Faith?

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

"Owner to run backwards."



WIFE OF THE PORTUGUESE AMBASSADOR:
MME. LUCIA DE S. MONTEIRO.

MME. LUCIA DE STTAU MONTEIRO *is the wife of* H.E. *Dr. A. R. de S. Monteiro, G.C.V.O., who has just resigned the post of Portuguese Ambassador. She was photographed outside her very attractive riverside house at Marlow, where she, her husband and their four children—two boys and two girls—stay from time to time. Mme. Monteiro speaks English fluently and has many friends over here. She is the daughter of Senhor Camilo Infante de la Serva, a prominent Lisbon industrialist. The Duke de Palmela, Ambassador-designate, is expected shortly to replace his Excellency at the Portuguese Embassy.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY F. J. GOODMAN.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

WALT DISNEY, who started his professional career through a mouse whom he met in an office, has become one of America's leading educators for the duration. Educational and propaganda films for the U.S. Government now represent more than three-fourths of the output from the Disney Studios. He is making, or has made, a string of instructional films for the Navy; a series for the Army on aeroplane identification; films on Nazi invasion, Nazi ideology, malaria, food, Basic English, income tax, anti-tank gunnery and flush rivetting. The Donald Duck epic, "Saludos Amigos," is only the biggest of the batch of Good Neighbour films about Latin America, to be commercially distributed.

The American magazine *Fortune* recently summed up the new Disney activities in an impressive eulogy. "In one respect," breathes *Fortune*, "Walt Disney is a man of almost godlike power, for there is literally no limit to the things he can create on the screen. He can set forth anything from a world in evolution to the whirling electrons invisible to the human eye. He can produce a mosquito big enough to tower over a village. He can get inside a complex machine, slow down its action, explain its operations to apprentices with a clarity impossible in any other medium. . . . It already seems possible that this modest, farm-bred young man who never finished high school will be remembered best as one of the great teachers of all time."

The first Disney "teachie" to hit our screens in this country is "VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER" (New Gallery). It is no accident, but rather an indication of the trend of the modern mood, that the film's appearance should coincide with the campaign for Basic English. Simplification is in the air just now. And "Victory" couches instruction in the Basic English of the screen.

The theory of aerial strategy advanced in the present film is no official Government pronouncement. It is based on a book by an independent observer, Major Alexander P. de Seversky. Seversky's father, we are told, "was the first Russian to privately fly and own an aeroplane." (I am sorry about the split infinitive, but I didn't split it.) Young Seversky, after flying duties with the Baltic Fleet, went to America in 1918 and achieved fame as adviser, inventor and test pilot. You can see him in the film as he is to-day: lean, grey-haired, fresh-faced, elegant in maroon spotted tie and exquisitely pressed grey, chalk-striped suit. You can see him surrounded by maps, globes, model 'planes, what are presumably domestic photographs, and trophies of his distinguished flying career. Since he speaks the commentary, you are encouraged to see a good deal of him.

Seversky's theory, if I have read him right, is a very simple one. He believes that the Axis have achieved their conquests by consistently using air force as the spearhead of attack. He believes that their present positions are impregnable by land or sea. He believes that we shall have to smash them from the air, and that our only chance of winning the war within endurable time limits is by the immediate development of long-range bombing.

The Seversky scheme is obviously a case of special pleading, and a discussion of its merits does not fall within our scope in this cosy film corner. What concerns us is the way Disney has presented the argument as a *film*. Has he done right by Seversky? Has he done right by the audience? Except for the scenes that were obviously outside his scope—the scenes in which he has allowed a real-life director to come in and "present" a three-dimensional man—I should say he has done beautifully.

Disney's method in "Victory Through Air Power" is very, very simple, and very, very direct. He has used line, pattern and colour as an analogue to words, choosing always the simplest and most primary forms, speaking in pictorial parables, relying on primary colours and basic designs. There is nothing subtle about "Victory Through Air Power," nothing muzzy and nothing abstruse. Disney's vivid scarlet arrows jab and claw. His battleships really stick in a bottleneck, emerge with a plump and gurgle. His U-boats really turn into sharks, his air-cover into umbrellas held up over the fleet, his swastikas into whirling propellers (by the way, Goebbels could take points from Disney in the things that can be done with swastikas), his air routes into bridges of steel.

Korda tried for years to make a handy history of the conquest of the air. Disney presents it in five vivid minutes, in a form you will never forget. Geographers have taken meticulous pains to bring the world to scale. Disney throws it triumphantly out of scale to a toy train, a toy ship, a toy aeroplane. This is something that only cartoon, within the film, and only film, within the arts, can do. "Victory Through Air Power" may have set out to be the justification of Seversky, but it ends by being the justification of cinema.

Spare a couple of hours, if you can find them, for "HEAVEN CAN WAIT" (Gaumont and Marble Arch). There have been better Lubitsch films, but there haven't been any better Lubitsch films for a long time. There have been few better openings, either. "Heaven Can Wait" begins with a title. "As Henry Van Cleeve's soul," it announces briskly, "passed over the Great Divide, he realised it was very unlikely his next step would be heaven. So he presented himself at the place where people had so often told him to go." Diffidently, disarmingly, the dear old gentleman (Don Ameche) presents himself to the infernal Boss (Laird Cregar—suave, bonhomous, with nothing of the devil about him except the faintest upward twist of the moustache), and supplies him, on request, with the story of his life.

It is the story of any gay New York masher of the 'nineties, with a social position, too much money, a big heart and a weak head. Henry Van Cleeve has been spoilt by women from the cradle to the grave. His mother pampers him, the little girls in the park ogle him, his French governess vamps him, his beautiful wife (Gene Tierney) devotes her life to him, chorus girls flatter him, and even on his death-bed a blonde nurse consoles him. Again and again, he admits, he has strayed from the strait and narrow path. He 's been a sad, bad dog, a brownstone Lothario.

When the story is told, Henry Van Cleeve asks for the room in hell he feels sure is waiting for him. To his surprise, he learns there is no vacancy below for a man with his qualifications. Influential friends, he is told, have put in a good word for him in heaven. "Sometimes," says the Boss, touching a bell-push, "they have a small room vacant in the annexe." The elevator clangs to a stop. "Down?" inquires the janitor, eyeing Henry. "No," says the Boss magnificently, "up."

THE BEST THEATRES.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

**Adelphi: "THE DANCING YEARS." Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

***Aldwych: "WATCH ON THE RHINE." Diana Wynyard; Anton Walbrook; Athene Seyler; Margaretta Scott. Anti-Nazis in U.S.

**Ambassadors: "SWEET AND LOW." Hermione Gingold and Walter Crisham in revue.

***Apollo: "FLARE PATH." R.A.F. "ops." Adrianne Allen.

**Cambridge: "HEARTBREAK HOUSE." Robert Donat, Edith Evans, Isabel Jeans, Deborah Kerr.

*Coliseum: "IT'S FOOLISH, BUT IT'S FUN." Revue with Nervo and Knox.

***Duchess: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward's play. Kay Hammond, Cecil Parker, Irene Browne.

***Duke of York's: "PINK STRING AND SEALING WAX." 1880 Brighton comedy. Iris Hoey, Dorothy Hyson, David Horne.

*Garrick: "LIVING ROOM." Esther McCracken's third. Louise Hampton and Jane Baxter.

*Globe: "THEY CAME TO A CITY." Priestley play with John Clements, Googie Withers, Ada Reeve.

*Haymarket: "LOVE FOR LOVE." Congreve comedy with John Gielgud, Yvonne Arnaud, Leslie Banks, Leon Quartermaine.

**Hippodrome: "THE LISBON STORY." Play with music.

*Lyric: "FLYING COLOURS" Revue. Binnie Hale; Douglas Byng; Jackie Hunter.

*Palladium: "VARIETY COMES BACK." Max Miller; Maurice Colleano; Billy Cotton's Band, etc.

*Piccadilly: "SUNNY RIVER." Musical play with Edith Day, Evelyn Laye, Dennis Noble.

*Playhouse: "MR. BOLFRY." New James Bridie play. Alastair Sim.

**Prince of Wales: "STRIKE A NEW NOTE." George Black's revue, with the rising generation and Sid Field.

*Princes: "MAGIC CARPET." Musical extravaganza; with Sydney Howard and Cyril Fletcher.

**St. James's: "A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY." Turgenev comedy perfectly done; Michael Redgrave, Nora Swinburne, Ronald Squire.

**St. Martin's: "CLAUDIA." Joyce Redman and Hugh Sinclair on an American farm.

**Saville: "JUNIOR MISS." Comedy with the accent on youth. Joan White, Peggy Cummins.

**Stoll: "HI-DE-HI." Hilarious revue, with Flanagan and Allen, Florence Desmond, Eddie Gray.

**Strand: "ARSENIC AND OLD LACE." Witty, murderous farce. Lilian Braithwaite, Mary Jerrold, Naunton Wayne, Frank Pettingell, Edmund Willard.

**Vaudeville: "LOTTIE DUNDASS." Unusual thriller with Ann Todd and Sybil Thorndike.

**Westminster: "UNCLE VANYA." Tchehov well done, with Vivienne Bennett, Joan Swinstead, Frith Banbury, Harold Scott.

**Winter Garden: "IT'S TIME TO DANCE." Musical with Jack Buchanan, Fred Emney, Elsie Randolph.

*Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre to avoid disappointment.

"Heaven Can Wait" is, in essence, just the old flash-back life-story of the gaslight-and-bustle period. It has been done dozens of times before, and practically every major star in Hollywood has grown grey at least once in its service. But Lubitsch's treatment is so deft, his own enjoyment of the thing so obvious, that you are never conscious of a sense of staleness. The life of one gay dog may seem very much like that of another to the rest of the world, but to the dog himself it's the only life that matters. Lubitsch has caught, much as Sacha Guitry did in "Roman d'un Tricheur" and "Remontons Nous les Champs-Élysées," the distorted, nostalgic sense of one man's view-point. A subtler actor than Don Ameche, we cannot help feeling, might have upset the film's delicate and cynical balance. This Henry Van Cleeve never really sees Henry Van Cleeve. Death has brought him no enlightenment. Most life-stories on the screen are pictures from the outside, looking in. "Heaven Can Wait" is taken from the inside, looking out.

"ESCAPE TO DANGER" (Pavilion) presents the same team that we saw in "Squadron Leader X"—Ann Dvorak and Eric Portman—but isn't nearly such a satisfactory picture. Possibly the authors have tried to crowd too much into the story. "Escape to Danger" has what the fabric-designers would call a terribly "busy" pattern. Practically everybody in the cast is a spy, either British or German. The Germans want to locate the rendezvous of our invasion barges. Air reconnaissance and naval reconnaissance having failed, they send over a secret agent, an English girl in Denmark who is apparently working for the Nazis. Actually, of course, she's working for the British, and has put in some pretty hot signalling to H.M.'s destroyers, but doesn't like to say so. This reticence makes it tough for her when she's torpedoed, rescued by the Royal Navy, brought to England, and contacts enemy agents at a cocktail club in Mayfair. Instructed to steal several sheets of note-paper from an Admiral with whom she is spending the week-end, she finds it hard to justify her actions to the international drunk who catches her. Readers of sensational fiction will not be surprised, when she is hauled up before Military Intelligence, to find the international drunk behind the cosiest desk in the sanctum sanctorum.

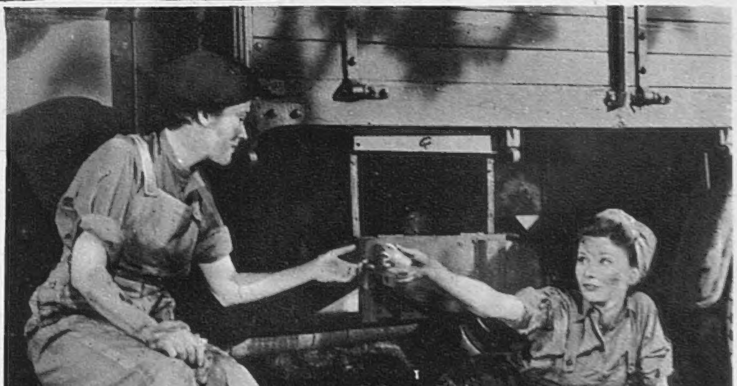
Ultimately, of course, the barges are saved, and the British Home Fleet blows the German North Sea Fleet to blazes. This happy consummation, though, doesn't bring the lovers together—no, let us choose our words precisely; the lovers designate. The end of "Escape to Danger" finds the international drunk back in Lisbon, gazing with a blank, menacing stare at some café-player's instrument. Those who don't like music with their meals will certainly sympathise with him. The girl is dead, shot through the back by a small-part player, presumably to teach her (*a*) not to be so darn circuitous in her methods; (*b*) not to murder shipboard acquaintances with hypodermic syringes; or (*c*) not to take an evening gown, toeless sandals, unrationed silk stockings, a natty street suit and an 18-coupon top-coat from a gentleman she doesn't know.

"Millions Like Us" (Gaumont, Haymarket, and Marble Arch Pavilion, September 26), telling of women in the war factories, was made with the co-operation of the factories and the workers' hostels, where many scenes were shot. Charlie (ERIC PORTMAN) *explains their job to new workers, including Jennifer* (ANNE CRAWFORD), *Annie* (TERRY RANDALL) *and Celia* (PATRICIA ROC).

Acute annoyance is shown by Caldicott (NAUNTON WAYNE) *and Charters* (BASIL RADFORD) *when a batch of evacuees disturb their first-class privacy.*

Finally, a footnote on a short film called "THE BITER BIT," which should be on view in the theatres this week. A certain air of official secrecy has shrouded the production of this piece—which was based on a suggestion of the Prime Minister's to the Minister of Information, and made by Sir Alexander Korda when he came home from America last month. "The Biter Bit"—insipid title for a vivid job—is about the two-way effects of bombing. It opens in Norway, a week before the German invasion. The Nazis are holding a ceremonial party, and arrange to give their Norwegian guests a treat. The lights are turned down, the audience rustle expectantly into their seats, the projectors begin to whirr, and there flashes on to the screen a brand-new German film, "Baptism of Fire"—which is, as you may remember, the account of the destruction of Warsaw. Later, "The Biter Bit" turns to the bombing of London, while the voices of German commentators—most of them provided by Ralph Richardson in a one-man repertory—extol the irresistible magnificence of air might. In the end—but you had probably better see the film for yourself. Although only a 15-minuter, it is more impressive than many two-hour films, and is clearly marked with the Korda quality.

"Stormy Weather" (Tivoli, September 19) is Twentieth Century-Fox's tribute to the splendid entertainment given us by the coloured race during the past twenty-five years. LENA HORNE *of the mellow voice and electric personality; Cab Calloway and his band; Katherine Dunham and her troupe of ballet dancers; Bill Robinson, tap dancer; Fats Waller, the Shadrack Boys and the Nicholas Brothers are some of the slick entertainers who parade across the screen.*



Phyllis (JOY SHELTON), *an A.T.S. girl, shows her friend Alice* (AVIS SCOTT) *the sort of thing her sister Celia makes in a factory.*

A BATTLE OF BRITAIN PARTY

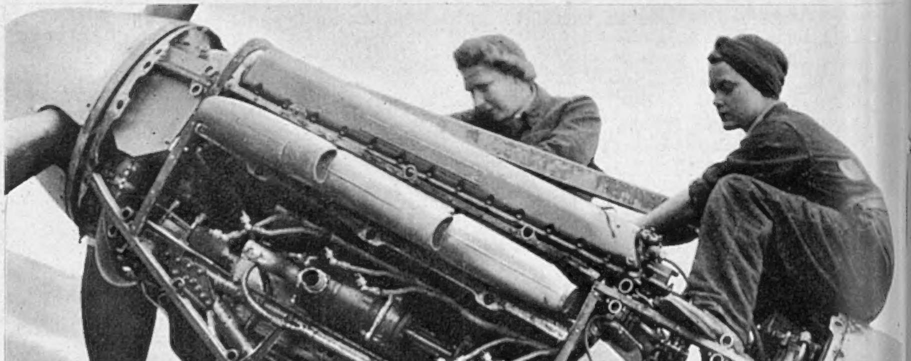
SUBALTERN MARY CHURCHILL *inspected the chevrons on the sleeve of an American W.A.C.* ALICE MARBLE, *of lawn tennis fame, and our lawn tennis star,* MARY HARDWICK, *are on the left*

MISS JOAN AGNES PYPER, *of Plymouth, was "airborne"—in the arms of her bridegroom,* SERGT. AIR-GUNNER F. K. COWLED, *of New South Wales, and a friend—when escorted from the church after her wedding by the crew of "'W' for William."*

Left: GROUP CAPTAIN G. MALAN, D.S.O., D.F.C., *replied for the fighter pilots at the lunch in celebration of the Battle of Britain held at Simpson's Services Club.*

Right: AIR MARSHAL SIR T. LEIGH-MALLORY, A.O.C.-IN-C., *Fighter Command;* MAJOR A. HUSKISSON, M.C.; AIR COMMANDANT TREFUSIS FORBES, W.A.A.F.; AIR CHIEF-MARSHAL LORD DOWDING, A.O.C.-IN-C., *Fighter Command, 1940 (replying for the Fighter Command);* DR. S. L. SIMPSON *and* SIR JOHN ANDERSON *(l. to r.), at the Battle of Britain Celebration Lunch at Simpson's Services Club.*

MISS MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE, *American photographer who went on a bombing raid to take pictures, has arrived in this country. The woman porter carries the cameras.*



The chubby Chow-chow station pet is watching W.A.A.F.s reconditioning a fighter. Members of the W.A.A.F. are now being trained to become fitters. This will place them in the highest R.A.F. trade group.

WEDDINGS ; WAR-WORKERS.

MISS SYBIL GRACE DOBBIE, *only daughter of Lieut.-General Sir William Dobbie, Governor of Malta, 1940-42, is engaged to* MAJOR PERCIVAL E. JOHNSTON, R.A., *fourth son of the late Colonel W. T. Johnston.*

THIRD OFFICER M. R. BELL, W.R.N.S., *youngest daughter of Captain Bell, D.S.O., R.N., flew to Gibraltar from Algiers to marry* MAJOR C. O. L. SALVESEN, R.A., *at the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Gibraltar.*

Left : LIEUT. BURGESS MEREDITH, *well-known American actor, serving in this country, and* BOB HOPE *took the salute from A.T.S. girls when making a Ministry of Information film for U.S. soldiers over here.*

Right : MISS A. A. R. DARK, *"magazine-cover girl," now a nurse in a military hospital, married* LIEUT. KAREL A. LE BREE, *of the Royal Netherlands Naval Air Force.*

These W.R.N.S. *are assessing the shooting accuracy of a Fleet Air Arm trainee. The film projected on to the base-board was made by mock combat with a camera-gun, and records the number of hits made.*

CAPTAIN J. A. COCHRANE, D.S.O., M.C., *Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, married* MISS LOUISE MORLEY, *daughter of Mr. Christopher Morley, of New York, at St. Mark's, N. Audley Street.*

TO MARRY THE AIR C.-IN-C. MEDITERRANEAN
—FLIGHT OFFICER BLACK.

It is reported in the "Daily Mail," the "Evening Standard" and the "Star" that the engagement of FLIGHT OFFICER MARIE BLACK, W.A.A.F., *to Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, K.C.B., will shortly be announced. Thirty-five-year-old Flight Officer Black is the younger daughter of the late Colonel Sir Bruce Seton, Bt., of Abercorn, and Lady Seton. She drove an ambulance for the London Auxiliary Ambulance Service during the blitz. Our picture shows her in that uniform. Mrs. Black was formerly married to Captain I. R. H. Black, R.N., and has a fourteen-year-old son—Alasdair—at school in Canada. It will be remembered that Sir Arthur's first wife was tragically killed in a 'plane crash.*

"STAGE DOOR CANTEEN"
STAR DÉBUTANT.

YEHUDI MENUHIN, *world-famous violinist who raised £30,000 for war charities by his concert tour over here in the early part of the year, is a film débutant. He appears as himself in the picture* "STAGE DOOR CANTEEN," *due at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on September 17, and is the musical high-light of the picture, in which forty-eight famous artists and entertainers are featured. This fine camera portrait of him is on view at the thirty-fourth exhibition organised by the London Salon of Photography at the R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit Street.*

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH BY W. G. BRIGGS.

STRICTLY IN CAMERA: CECIL B[EATON]
PERSONAL AN[D]

Just between ourselves. Cecil Beaton takes himself in focus with an out-of-focus décor, casually and without apparent meaning.

Surrealism at sea. Reflections in a yacht's ventilator distort the photographer, who waves his Mexican hat above his head, thus helping in the creation of a pattern, where every detail is of use.

The studio. Tripod camera ; flowers, bo...

MR. CECIL BEATON has had some fun with these photo... made through his genius in the photography of beautif... objects whose harmonious intrusion proved their value—in ou... pictures. In some of these five photographs he makes game of ... photographs of the three Services which he has taken and is sti... which have been published in a number of excellent books. ... effects—from standing on his head to sitting on the mantelpiece ... before the war, when holidays were holida...

N.B. A Coloured plat...

ATON PLAYS WITH EFFECTS— OTHERWISE.

candle and two "period" self-portraits.

With some of his "props." You may recognise décor details with which Mr. Beaton cunningly embellished his portraits of lovely women—bits of statuary, blossom-laden branches, Victorian flower-piece under glass, a mask, a foot, a hand, strands of rope.

phs and has used some ingenuity. His name was originally women—by arrangement, décor, the introduction of extraneous r words, in the composition after mature reflection of real is own game and of himself—quite a change from the splendid taking under the ægis of the Ministry of Information, many of e does not mind what acrobatics he goes through to get his o seize a particular angle! These shots were, of course, taken ys, and time lent itself to experiment.

s inserted in this issue.

Daring young man on the flying trapeze. Lighthearted and with amusing get-up, Cecil Beaton swings monkey-wise from the struts of a bridge. Fascinating wavelike perspective is achieved in the ironwork of the bridge.

"BALLET WITHOUT COUPONS."

Wit and grace characterise this aptly-titled picture from the London Salon of Photography, which is holding its thirty-fourth annual exhibition at the R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit Street.

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH BY E. HEIMANN.

"IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?"

The penguin provides an appealing subject for the artist, but few camera-men have succeeded in finding a more perfect pose than this, or in naming it more happily! It is one of the admirable studies on view at the London Salon of Photography Exhibition.

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH BY A. N. ACRAMAN.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

SUBADAR LALBAHADUR THAPA, V.C.—*for giving the Lord Mayor an expert's lesson in the use of the kukri.*

SUBADAR LALBAHADUR THAPA, V.C., of the 1/2 Gurkha Rifles, won the highest decoration for gallantry at the Battle of Akarit, in Tunisia, when, armed with his national weapon, the kukri, he destroyed several machine-gun posts. He was one of a party of thirty officers and men from Wavell's famous Fourth Indian Division which captured von Arnim who were recently entertained by the Lord Mayor at a reception at the Mansion House. The gallant subadar appears to be giving his Worship some tutelage in the art of kukri-thrusting.

MR. NOEL-BAKER, *of the Ministry of War Transport—for requiring Miss Garnett's help in learning to strike.*

THE Ministry of War Transport must have some exercise some time, so they have started their own baseball team. MR. NOEL BAKER, Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Minister, is shown taking lessons in holding a baseball bat from Miss Helen Garnett, permanent Civil Servant in the Shipping Relations Division and one of England's few women players. She spends a good deal of her spare time instructing the Ministry's male novices in the finer points of the game.

THE first book on Basic English has been written in collaboration by two Englishmen—MR. C. K. OGDEN, of Cambridge University, and DR. IVOR RICHARDS, of Harvard. It was suggested as the most suitable medium for an international language by Mr. Churchill in his address at Harvard University on September 6. The word "Basic" is formed from the initials of British American Scientific International Commercial, and the simplification of our mother tongue seeks to reduce the two to four years of hard work necessary for a foreigner to learn an auxiliary language to two weeks for a

[*Continued opposite.*

MR. C. K. OGDEN *(left)*, and DR. IVOR A. RICHARDS—*for introducing Basic English as a short cut for the lazy international.*

Continued.]

quick learner. Basic English consists of 850 words—striking a balance between the alleged 300 words of the peasant and the 500,000 words of the lexicologist to produce a so-called "normal man's vocabulary."

MRS. J. A. LYONS, wife of Australia's Prime Minister, is the first woman in the Commonwealth to be elected M.P. Our picture shows her at work in the kitchen of her house, "The Lodge," at Canberra. She is an excellent cook, a most competent housewife, and the mother of eleven children, all qualifications which should help an M.P. in the making of wise laws.

MRS. J. A. LYONS—*for being the first Australian woman M.P.*

LIEUT. J. S. STEVENS, R.N., who holds the D.S.O. and Bar, and D.S.C., has been described by General Eisenhower as "the maddest submarine commander in the world." In June he shared in the sinking of thirteen Axis ships and torpedoing eight others. His D.S.C. was won in February 1941, when in the late submarine *Thunderbolt*, formerly *Thetis*, he destroyed an Italian submarine.

LIEUT. J. S. STEVENS, R.N.—*for being "the maddest submarine commander in the world"*—vide *General Eisenhower.*

CORPORAL EADIE HATFIELD was heroine of a gallant exploit when she rescued ten members of the W.A.A.F. from a building half-demolished and on fire after a hit by a H.E. bomb. Corporal Hatfield was in charge of a party of W.A.A.F.s at a dance hall when the building was bombed. She called the roll and found ten of her charges were missing, and though fire was spreading she went back into the hall and brought them all safely out. Two were injured. Corporal Hatfield is a general duties clerk at an R.A.F. Operational Training Unit.

CPL. E. HATFIELD, B.E.M.—*for her gallant rescue of ten W.A.A.F.s from a blazing building wrecked by H.E.*

CORAL GLEAMS THROUGH NET.

CORAL BROWNE *is due to appear to-night, Wednesday, September 22, at the Savoy in Firth Shephard's latest production,* "MY SISTER EILEEN," *the American comedy which ran for so long on Broadway, and was seen over here in its screen form. Miss Browne, who will be remembered for her performance in "The Man Who Came to Dinner," is Australian. Robert Helpmann wanted to secure her for the part of the Queen in his forthcoming production of "Hamlet," but she had to refuse on account of "My Sister Eileen." She is playing Ruth, the elder Sherwood girl, and Sally Gray is opposite to her as Eileen.* [PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.]

"LAC DES CYGNES" WITH NEW HURRY SCENERY AND COSTUMES.

Rothbart, the Evil Magician (NIGEL DESMOND), *and his daughter Odile* (BERYL GREY) *enter the ballroom. Odile is disguised as Odette.*

ALEXIS RASSINE *and* ANNE LASCELLES *in the "Pas de Trois," which is given in the ballroom scene.*

The Princess Mother (JOY NEWTON) *with her son, Prince Siegfried* (DAVID PALTENGHI), *in the ballroom scene.*

Odile, disguised as Odette (BERYL GREY), *dances with the Prince* (DAVID PALTENGHI), *who believes her to be the Swan Queen.*

Four of the six Court Ladies: Elizabeth Kennedy, Lorna Mossford, Mavis Jackson, Moyra Fraser, Moira Shearer and Paula Dunning.

The Mazurka, danced by Wanda Horsburgh, Julie Farron, Jill Gregory, Jean Bedells, Franklin White, Anthony Burke, Leslie Edwards and Philip Chatfield.

THE Sadler's Wells Ballet at the New Theatre have revived Tchaikovsky's "Le Lac des Cygnes," with new scenery and costumes designed by Leslie Hurry. Robert Helpmann and David Paltenghi alternate in the rôle of the Prince, and Margot Fonteyn and Beryl Grey in the dual part of Odette, the Swan Queen and Odile, the Magician's daughter. Odile deceives the Prince by appearing at the Palace ball disguised as Odette. [PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE.]

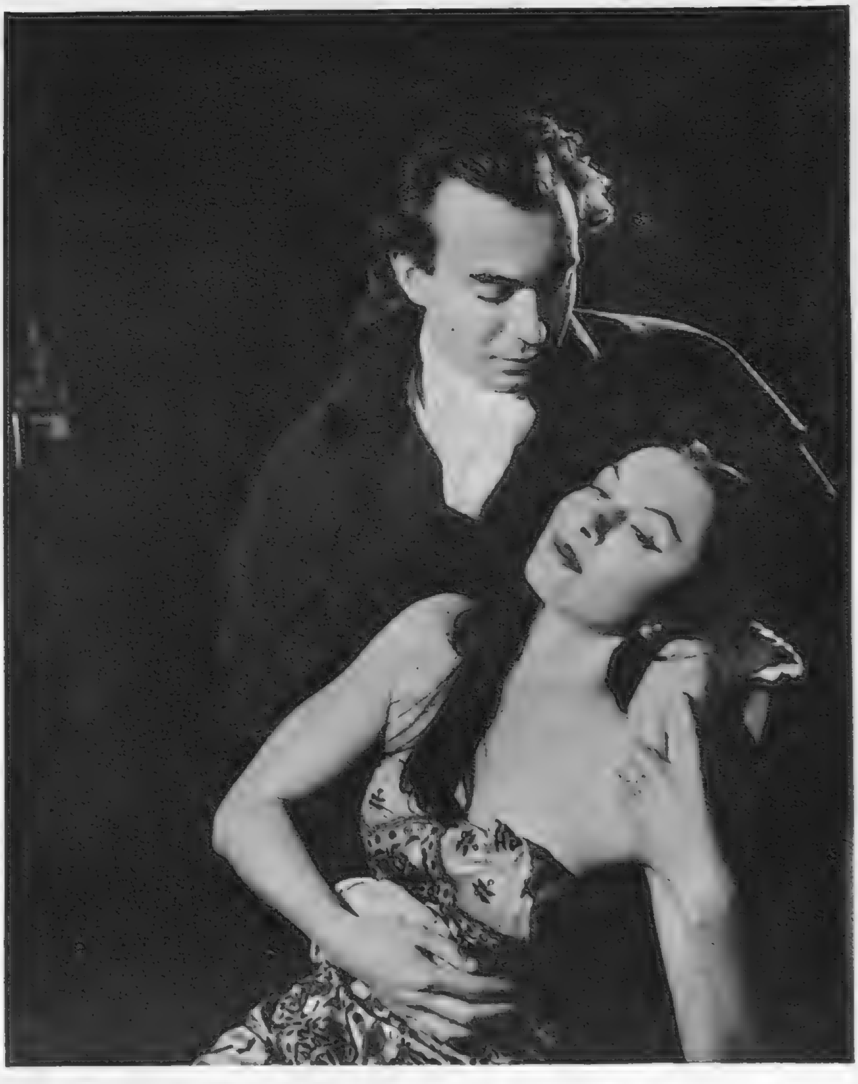
" *Take counsel. Never look like him, if you would live*" : *Oparre* (WANDA ROTHA ; *right*), *and Nathaniel* (MANNING WHILEY), *Mrs. McQueston* (MARY MERRALL), *the Rev. Phineas* (ANDRE VAN GYSEGHEM), *Ruel* (CLEMENT ASHBY) *and Durian* (NATASHA WILLS) (*l. to r.*).

" *This is Nathaniel's wife* " : *Mrs. McQueston* (MARY MERRALL ; *with candle*), *the Rev. Phineas McQueston* (ANDRE VAN GYSEGHEM) *and Oparre* (WANDA ROTHA).

A MALAY PRINCESS IN SALEM: "THE WINGLESS VICTORY."

"THE WINGLESS VICTORY," by Maxwell Anderson, was recently produced at the Phœnix Theatre. It is a period piece set in the year 1800, the tragedy of a New England sea-captain who marries a Malay Princess and brings her home to his native Salem. His Puritan family, bigoted and resentful, make life a torment for Nathaniel and Oparre. Finally he banishes his wife, who then recalls her royal origin, resumes the worship of her tribal gods, slays her children, and commits suicide.

" *I've tried to meet it every way there was, with force and money and flattering. It's no use—it was no use from the beginning.*" *Nathaniel McQueston and his Malay Princess wife, Oparre.*



" *It was all lies I said. I loved you and died because I loved you. Is any death found better than to give your life for your love?*" *Oparre dies in Nathaniel's arms, after killing her children.*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

"RUNNING TO PARADISE" is a novel of escape, though far from being an escapist novel. The hero, Adrian Dormant, rather than wait for his class to be called up in England, joins the French Foreign Legion, and sees much fierce fighting before France signs the Armistice. Most of his friends are killed, and he himself becomes a prisoner of war in German hands. Escaping from prison, he traverses France, reaches the Unoccupied Zone, and might have made a quick get-away had he not been arrested by the civil authorities for stealing a bicycle. After a term in prison, awaiting trial, he is handed over to the military, which means another spell of prison, this time in Marseilles, where he is joined by an old friend whom he believed dead. Concealed among wine-casks, together they make the journey by train across the Spanish frontier, and when escape seems almost in sight, and when Mr. John Lodwick's long story has only a few more pages to run, they are again thrown into prison.

Literature and Life. An extremely painful story I found it, all the more painful, perhaps, because of the spirit of high-spirited cynicism with which Dormant faces his appalling experiences. But given his temperament and his experiences, it is hard to see what other attitude he could have adopted. There is much more actual fighting in this book than in most novels about the present war, and it is described with an emphasis on the horrors which reminds us of the war novels of twenty years ago. Mr. Lodwick has an Elizabethan relish for horrors; down to the last bloody detail he describes them with enormous zest and with a great wealth of literary allusion. This allusiveness he shares with many of the characters in the story. The German Commandant who interrogates him says that the English are like the Bourbons, they have learnt nothing and forgotten nothing, and afterwards advises him not to "behave so much like a Kipling hero." The dying German soldier, with what is almost his last breath, quotes quite a long passage from "Coriolanus." "When I think of Germany in general," writes Dormant in the diary which he kept from time to time, "my thoughts switch not to Hitler, but to Schiller or to Kant." This tendency to see life through literary spectacles sometimes gives the book an air of unreality which its unflinching realism does not quite dispel. One cannot regret Dormant's culture; it makes an agreeable ingredient in a story which has few agreeable ingredients. But these reminders of past civilisation, coming often at the most inappropriate moments, stimulate the irony and cynicism natural to his mind until the contrast between the world of thought and the world of reality becomes almost unbearable. Reflecting on the anomalies of the administration of justice in France, he concludes: "And I? Why, I am the biggest fool. I fought for this country."

MARGERY ALLINGHAM, *who wrote her first published book at the age of sixteen, and has gone on writing them ever since, posed for this photograph outside d'Arcy House, Tolleshunt d'Arcy, Essex, her beautiful old country home. In private life she is Mrs. P. Youngman-Carter, the wife of an officer now serving overseas. All thriller-addicts know her books, which include "Look to the Lady," "Police at the Funeral," "Sweet Danger," and so forth. She is also the author of "The Oaken Heart," in which she describes how war comes to a sleepy English village; and her latest work, "Dance of the Years," will be published by Michael Joseph on October 11.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY F. J. GOODMAN.

Justifiably Self-satisfied. Dormant is given to exaggeration (he calls Charles I. "an arrogant, insincere criminal and bloody-minded fool"), and there is a significant admission towards the end: "Not for nothing had Dormant studied the frailties rather than the virtues of human nature." His observation of those frailties feeds the self-satisfaction to which he himself more than once draws our attention. But he has a good deal to pride himself on. Besides being cultured and embittered, he is incredibly tough and brave; the occasions when he runs away are few compared to those in which he stays and performs an act of heroism. Some of his adventures do not quite ring true; but one and all they are described with a brilliance and a verbal resource almost unique in war fiction. If Mr. Lodwick shows off, as I think he sometimes does, he has plenty of reason to. At its worst, his book is the performance of a virtuoso; at its best it is one of the most memorable descriptions of modern warfare that I ever read.

Portrait of a Logger. Johnny Holt, the hero of "The Tall Trees Fall," is another tough guy, and for a time I found him a very likeable one. He is not in the least intellectual, but he has plenty of sense; he is not boastful, and he knows his job. Mr. Haig-Brown, who has worked in a lumber camp, also knows it, and his descriptions of the logger's occupation, full of technical terms which require, and receive, a glossary, has an air of authority, as has his account of the shooting expedition undertaken by Johnny and his two friends. He is, moreover, an adept at describing a more difficult terrain—that ill-explored country where thought and sensation meet. A logger lives a good deal by his sensations—mainly, but not always, of physical well-being—and these the author plumbs with the skill of a pearl-diver, and he is hardly less successful in a no less difficult task—probing the first stirrings of awakening love in Julie, the girl whom Johnny marries. Indeed, the contrast between the comparative inarticulateness of his characters and their very subtle feelings is one of the interesting features of this ably written book. Another interesting feature is the political situation in the lumber camp, and the steps by which Johnny, naturally conservative and individualistic, is induced to second the demand for a trade union voiced by his friend Alec—a demand which ends in temporary victimisation for them both.

A Lapse. But I felt less sorry for Johnny than I should have done, because of the unpleasant revelation of his character when he broke up the Albatross beer-parlour. It is quite true that the gang who were fleecing the loggers badly needed a lesson, and appeared to be outside the reach of the law, and if Johnny had merely gone in and laid them out he would have had one's unqualified approval. But the brutality of his methods, which consisted in jumping on his victims' faces and instructing Alec to do the same—besides smacking the faces of the girls and breaking all the glass objects he could lay hands on—remind us of S.S. men at their most active. When asked by Johnny what had turned his stomach, Alec, Johnny's partner in the raid, replies: "That Riggs guy. I jumped on him the way you said, first on the ribs and then in the face. I didn't like it. Felt kind of squashy, as though things broke."

The reader doesn't like it either. In the past, no doubt, the "heroes" of fiction did many unpleasant things; but to jump first on the ribs and then in the face of an opponent is a nuance of heroism that it has been left to our age to discover. I took but a tepid interest in Johnny after this exploit.

Chopin. Founded on the life of Chopin, "Polonaise" has an air of such authenticity as to seem more like a biography than a novel—an impression strengthened by the large numbers of the composer's letters which Miss Doris Leslie weaves into her narrative. But it is a tribute to her understanding of his character that the letters and the conversation that she puts into his mouth speak the same language; if we find the dialogue highly exclamatory, full of interjections and rhetorical questions, we shall find that the letters are the same. Like Berlioz, Chopin wore his artistic temperament on his sleeve. He was a man of quickly alternating moods and feelings, and with the emotionalism of his race he expressed them all.

Constantia Gladowska was the love of his youth; George Sand was the love of his life. In this connection, Miss Leslie observes: "There are some who say he was incapable of love: that he was the lover of himself more than of any woman. It may be so; even that long association which shadowed all the last years of his life may not have penetrated deeper than the frail shell that enclosed the man and not the soul of the musician." To the question, supposing one asked it, of whether the great novelist did him, on the whole, more harm than good, their contemporaries returned different answers. Some said "he owed his life to her self-sacrifice," others that she was "a vampire who fed her insatiable thirst on his frailty." Miss Leslie refrains from judgment, but she puts the facts before us; her portraits of the two chief actors, as of those who fill minor rôles, are both vivid and satisfying, and make this novel a really brilliant study in imaginative biographical reconstruction.

A Hero with a Difference. Mr. Teilhet calls his new thriller "Hero by Proxy," an apt title, not only because Phineas Emmet impersonates his journalist brother, Terrance, thereby involving himself in a number of startling adventures, but also because, like Johnny Holt, he is not a hero in the old-fashioned sense of the word. He is always giving tremendous clouts to unsuspecting, if not innocent, men. One of his victims was left "with the under part of his face resembling an old apple, too far gone for apple-sauce." But he had some excuse, for very few of the men he met in this imaginary American republic, where Nazi intrigue was rife, were innocent; and those who were innocent had a trick of seeming guilty, and vice versa. It was all most confusing and dangerous, both inside Phineas's hotel and outside; and if he gave a number of unheralded blows, he also received them; indeed, like many heroes of this type of book, he seems to bear a charmed life, and his recuperative powers are almost miraculous. It seems a pity that Mr. Teilhet should have wasted an unusual gift for writing and for characterisation on this rather muddling and inconsequent story.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Running to Paradise. By John Lodwick. (*Methuen*; 9s. 6d.)
The Tall Trees Fall. By Roderick Haig-Brown. (*Collins*; 9s. 6d.)
Polonaise. By Doris Leslie. (*Hutchinson*; 9s. 6d.)
Hero by Proxy. By Teilhet. (*Gollancz*; 8s. 6d.)

STARS BEHIND THE COUNTER OF "STAGE DOOR CANTEEN."

MERLE OBERON *(in private life, Lady Korda) and* DAME MAY WHITTY *introduce Chinese airmen to the boys in the canteen.*

GEORGE RAFT *does his bit as a washer-up at the famous Stage Door Canteen.*

Stage and screen actress HELEN HAYES *helps to entertain two sailors, and introduces them to a Junior Hostess.*

GYPSY ROSE LEE, *the celebrated "stripteuse," does her act for the benefit of the enthusiastic boys.*

GRACIE FIELDS *pops out of a packing-case to sing. She recently appeared in person at the Albert Hall in "Seascape."*

ALFRED LUNT *finds time for a bite while working with* LYNN FONTANNE *in the canteen kitchen.*

"STAGE DOOR CANTEEN," new Frank Borzage production released through United Artists, was due at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on Friday, September 17. It's a film presentation of the Stage Door Canteen to which soldiers, sailors and airmen come nightly in New York for entertainment and refreshment, and are waited on by screen and stage folk. A rather tenuous love-story—the romance of Eileen (Cheryl Walker) and "Dakota" Ed Smith (William Terry)—runs through the picture, but its chief aim and object is the presentation of forty-eight stage, screen and radio stars in action as entertainers, and also behind the counter, serving food, washing-up dishes and handing out cups of tea. Yehudi Menuhin (a portrait of whom appears on another page) contributes two musical items.

JUDITH ANDERSON *(centre) reconciles Eileen* (CHERYL WALKER) *and "Dakota"* (WILLIAM TERRY), *the young couple whose love-story runs through the film.*

CHINESE RESISTANCE.*

By PATRICK SAXON.

"BEAKIE, old boy," said Jim Allen simply, giving the lead a tug, "I hate the little swine!"

"Me, too," said Beakie.

"It hates me," stated Jim.

"Me, too," said Beakie.

The Pekingese was clever: even Jim admitted that. Mrs. Ann Allen called it "Mummy's Miracle."

Wo-Wo was its real name. In appearance it differed but slightly from others of its breed. It was much uglier than most; it slobbered more and its teeth were sharper.

Jim Allen, a man slow to anger and quick to give a drink, hated the little swine, and said so once more to his friend Beakie. "I hate the little swine!"

The dog made a threatening noise and bared its teeth.

"You see?" Beakie nodded.

"Ann says the little brute understands every word," Jim complained. "When I take it for a walk it counts the drinks and yaps the answer to the wife."

"A good mathematician," Beakie agreed.

"I'm wondering what he'll do when we get back to Doverbay this evening."

"A pity we've got to take him."

"The vet," Jim explained, "wired Ann that he was handing the little man back to me in perfect health."

"Can we take it to the races?"

"You bet we can," said Jim, defiantly.

Jim and Beakie were Trinity House pilots. With ruddy faces and well-lubricated gullets, they had each just piloted a ship to safety, and, as they were neighbours, they were going home together via the race-course.

As they threw their bags, rugs and Wo-Wo's blanket into the capacious boot of the car, Beakie said with a grin: "I don't know why you put up with that damned dog."

"You don't?"

"No."

"You'd put your foot down, I suppose?"

"Right on the little brute's neck."

Jim picked up Wo-Wo by the scruff and threw him on Beakie's lap.

"Better start now," he grinned.

"Here, I say! What's wrong with the boot?"

"You know his habits," replied Jim coldly, letting in the clutch.

"But my trousers, man!"

"He usually waggles his ears first," Jim answered gravely.

"But——"

"I'm sure Gwen would take a poor view of your attitude," Jim said sternly.

Gwen, Beakie's wife, was, if possible, even fonder of Wo-Wo than was Ann. But Beakie made a last effort.

"Let me drive," he said desperately.

"No fear," cried Jim, slipping happily through the gears.

Beakie's lap was large. While he kept still, Wo-Wo was content. When he moved, the dog snarled viciously.

Beakie, stoutly maintaining that Wo-Wo had waggled, moved five times. These were at the White Hart, Green Man, Black Bull, Dark Swan and The Dog-and-Duck. On each of these occasions Wo-Wo was bundled out of the car and tethered to the rear bumper. At the White Hart he growled. At the Dog-and-Duck his teeth met with a sickening click as he snapped at Jim's legs.

Laughing contemptuously, Beakie and Jim moved gaily towards the Grill Room. When some half-an-hour later his master untied him with the words, "Poor little man!" and proffered him a bowl of water, Wo-Wo regarded him with Oriental inscrutability and bit Jim cleverly in the thumb. Beakie's laugh was the heartiest of the day. The Peke behaved perfectly until they reached the race-course. Here Jim leapt out to immobilise the car.

"Tie him to the bumper," he shouted to Beakie. "If we hurry we'll just be in time for the first race."

As Beakie came from the rear of the car he was wrapping his hand tenderly in a clean handkerchief.

"Imagine what he'd do to a stranger?" Jim grinned.

They spent a delightful afternoon and, to their secret astonishment, won £64 2s. 2d. It was after the last race, when they had cashed their winning tickets and had a final pull at their flasks, that Jim suddenly stopped. As he put his hand on his heart, his face was the colour of dirty string.

"My God, it's gone!" he said weakly.

"What's gone?"

"My watch! My wedding present!"

They searched feverishly—everywhere. Finally they gave up and returned to the car. Jim lifted the bonnet.

"Not much use looking in there," said Beakie.

"I'm not. I'm replacing the distributor arm."

"Well, it didn't owe you anything. You must have had the watch over twenty years."

"Oh, shut up and get in," said Jim coldly. "Ann will be furious."

As the miles sped by, Jim tried to remember when he had last looked at his watch. He couldn't. . . . Perhaps, after all. . . . But then, he'd have noticed. . . . Or would he? He was such a forgetful sort of bloke. . . .

Beakie was beginning to snore. Jim regarded him with loathing. Nothing to worry about. No lost watch—no reproachful wife—no hanging of the head when it was said: "But, darling! The watch I gave you!" All Beakie had to do was sit back in absolute luxury——

And then someone got two large buckets of iced water and dropped it slowly down his spine. At the same time someone else turned his collar into a circle of fire, stuffed his mouth full of blotting-paper and threw chalk all over his face.

He tore at the hand-brake, and as the car occupied a part of the road it had never expected, Beakie crashed forward into the windscreen with a bellow of anguish.

"Beakie!" Jim gasped. "Beakie!"

"What's wrong? You nearly killed me!"

"I *have* killed something," Jim stated, with simple gravity.

"What?"

"Wo-Wo!"

"My God!" exclaimed Beakie, with sudden understanding.

"My wife!" cried Jim, thinking ahead.

Simultaneously they leapt from the car and raced to the back.

A pitiful little picture met their gaze. There, still bravely secured to the bumper was the lead, and at the end of it hung a tiny tattered collar. Nothing more.

Beakie was the first to speak.

"Poor little chap," he said reverently, moistening his lips. "I was always rather fond of him."

"You don't think——"

Beakie slowly shook his head. "Not at the pace you were going."

"Dragged to his doom in the dust," Jim choked.

"Remember how he sat on my lap this morning?"

"Good as gold."

"There was something about that little dumb animal. . . ."

"Sort of got you, didn't it?"

With touching reverence Beakie untied the lead and, wrapping it gently round the collar, handed it to Jim. "Ann might like it," he said simply.

"You're a good sort," Jim gulped.

They drove on slowly. It seemed meet. And they were wondering what on earth to say to Ann. Eventually, they decided that the only thing to do was to buy another dog which might take the place of Wo-Wo. At Ipsville they bought Fifi. She cost £50, but her resemblance to Wo-Wo was staggering. Fifi had the same repulsive features, the same awful yap, the same villainous temper. Beakie held her firmly all the way home. She bit him four times.

As the car slid to a stop outside Jim's house, their wives were at the open window.

"There he is, the darling!" exclaimed Gwen.

Jim gulped. "There's been an accident——" he began.

"A sort of loss," said Beakie.

The two women exchanged meaning looks.

"You and I have had a sort of loss, too, Jim," said Ann.

Gwen clasped Ann's arm affectionately. "You dear, kind thing."

Jim was becoming desperate. "It's Wo-Wo!" he cried.

"Yes," exclaimed Gwen. "That's it. However did you guess?"

"I've given him to Gwen as a present, Jim. You know how she adores him," Ann stated.

"But you don't understand," cried Jim hoarsely. "We've lost Wo-Wo! That dog," pointing to the struggling beast in Beakie's arms, "is *not* Wo-Wo!"

The two women nodded significantly to each other.

"On your silver jubilee, too," said Gwen with disgust.

It was at this precise moment that Wo-Wo, his ears waggling furiously, rose from the rugs in the boot, stretched, and grunted in the purest Chinese at his own cleverness. He had heard the voices of his two ladies and, with a contemptuous glance at the man who had failed to notice that he had slipped his collar and sought sanctuary, he hurled himself into Ann's arms and yapped thirteen times.

"What the—" yelled Jim.

"Oh, Beakie! You darling!" Gwen cried. "You bought the other one for me!"

The two Pekes were exchanging flowery compliments. The two wives were smiling complacently. Both men were hot and pale.

"What were you saying about an accidental loss, dear?" Ann asked. "If you mean your watch, you left it behind."

With deft fingers she cut Jim's meat ration into two equal parts and gave one to each dog. It was obvious she expected no answer.

THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

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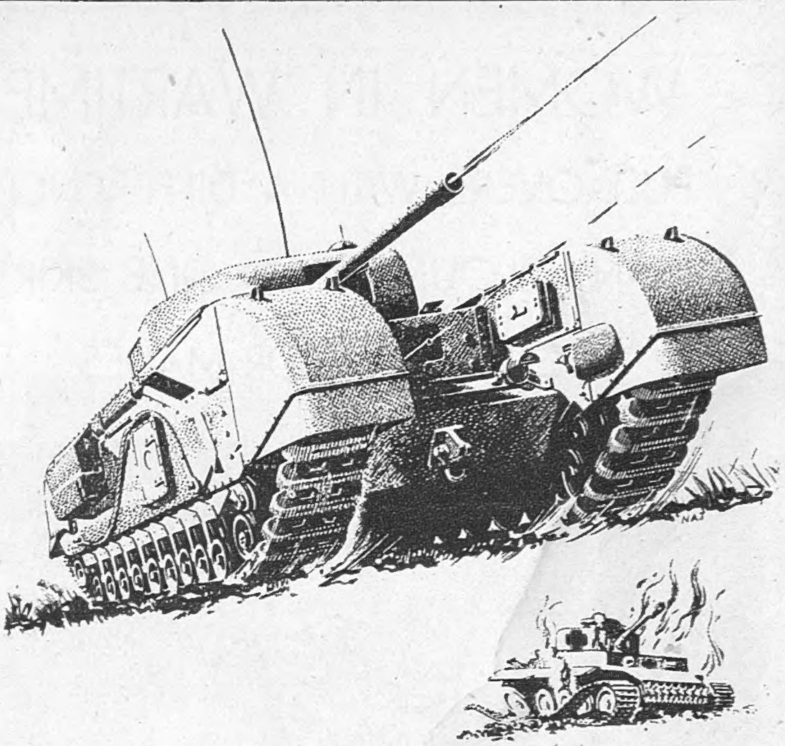

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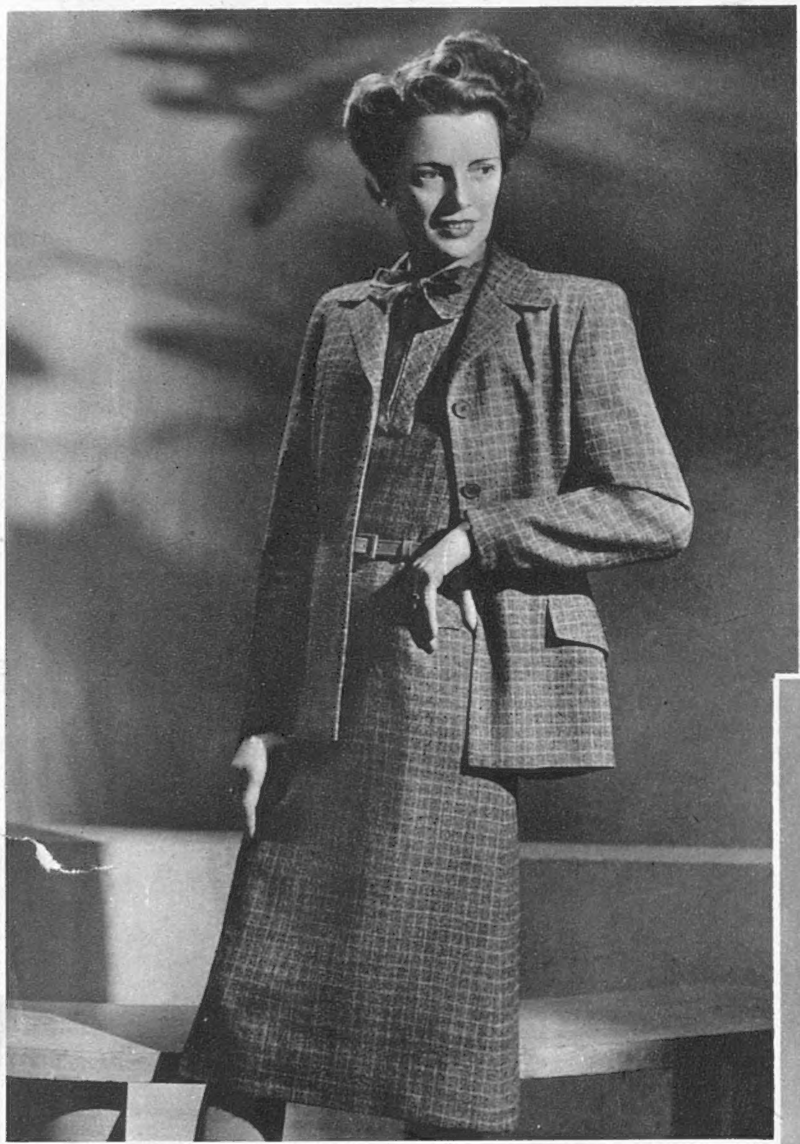
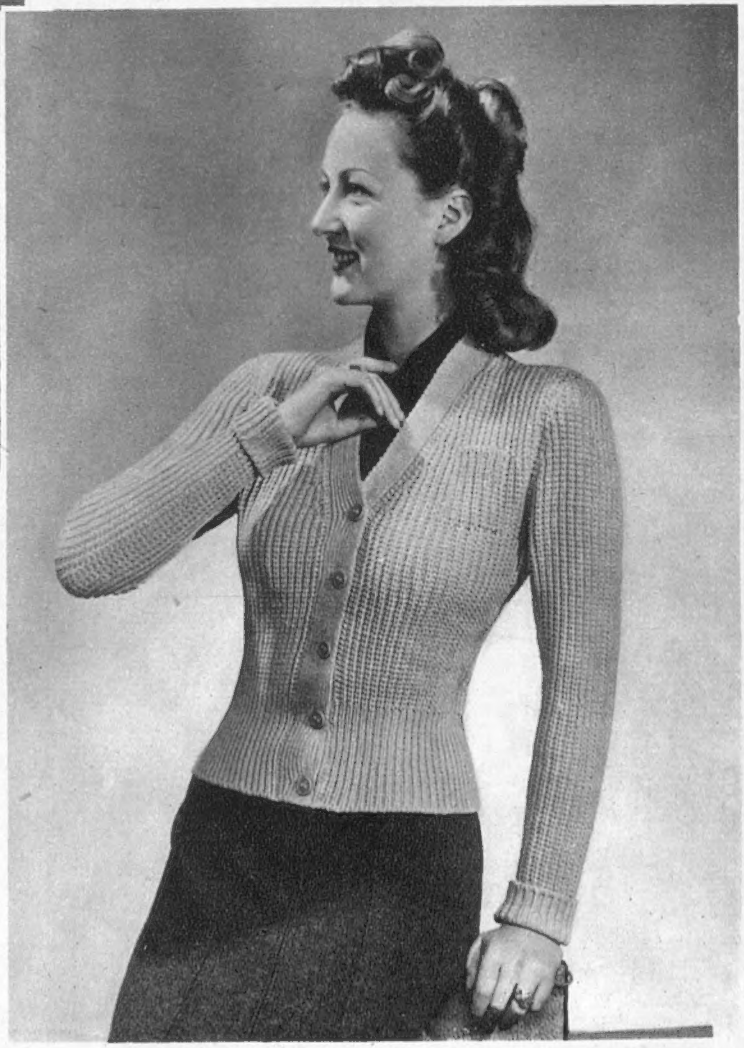
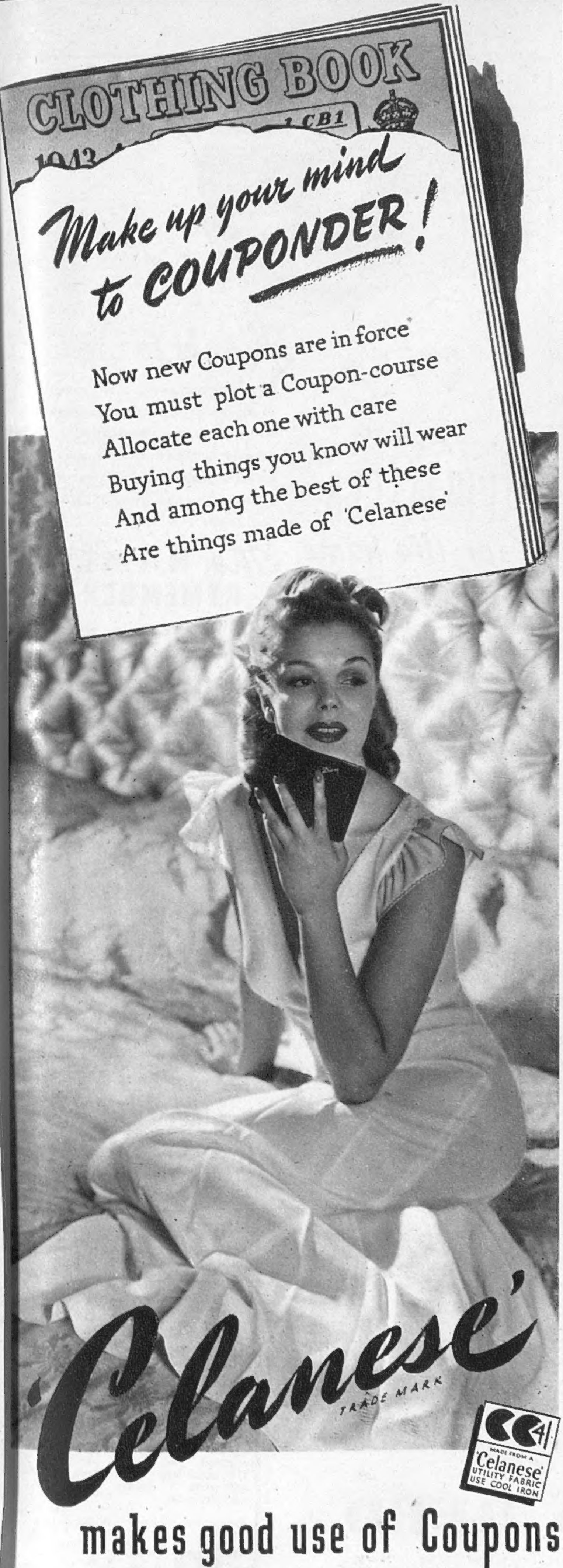


SOMETHING new in the kingdom of blouses is always to be found at Fortnum and Mason's, Piccadilly. Above is a woolly pull-over in a glorious cerise shade. An important feature is the neat little tie which is seen in the photograph. It may, however, be arranged as a belt if preferred; this changes the aspect of the blouse.

THERE are many ways of practising economy pleasantly. Several may be seen in the collection of original models at Jays, Regent Street. Perfectly cut and extremely useful is the suit portrayed above. It is carried out in grey fancy worsted with a love-in-the-mist blue stripe. It consists of a dress and short jacket which may be worn together or separately. A feature is made of simple skirts showing a pencil silhouette in front and a certain amount of fullness at the back; therefore the movements of the wearer are never handicapped. Destined to accompany skirts of this character are simple as well as decorative blouses. Many are of rayon and others of filmy chiffon; there are no two alike. The skirts being of a non-committal character, there are few blouses which do not look well with one of them.

WOMEN in general are already contemplating purchasing yule-tide gifts: they must be useful. It would be difficult to find anything that would receive a warmer welcome than the cardigan on the right. It is of wool in many colours, the scarf striking a contrasting note. Very becoming to the majority are the scarfs, which can be worn in the normal way or as a turban. It is wonderful how easy they are to drape. There are belts and gloves to harmonise. Tie silk blouses are looked on with favour, and as they are in dark shades they need seldom visit the laundress. They look as well with divided skirts as with trousers. No one must overlook the fact that the classic tailor-made is well represented. Cut and tailoring are responsible for their distinction. A visit must be paid to the practical housecoat dept.





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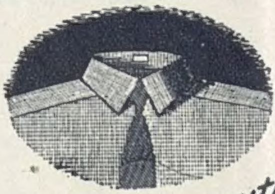

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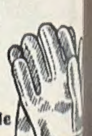

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